

# THE LITERARY CHRONICLE

## And Weekly Review;

Forming an Analysis and General Repository of Literature, Philosophy, Science,  
Arts, History, the Drama, Morals, Manners, and Amusements.

This Paper is published at Six o'Clock every Saturday Morning; and forwarded in Weekly, Monthly, or Quarterly Parts, to all Parts of the Kingdom.

No. 66.

LONDON, SATURDAY, AUGUST 19, 1820.

Price 6d.

### Review of New Books.

*The Second Tour of Dr. Syntax, in Search of Consolation; a Poem. With Twenty-four Plates by Rowlandson.*  
8vo. pp. 277. London, 1820.

THIS second tour of the renowned Doctor Syntax, now to his 'eightieth year approaching,' is a work of suggestions, from plates by Rowlandson, though not with such entire reserve on the score of invention as the first. 'Some few of the subjects,' says the Doctor, with his characteristic amiableness, 'may have been influenced by hints from me, and I am willing to suppose that such are the least amusing of them.' With all proper respect for the Doctor's modesty, we can come to no such supposition; we have a high respect for the graphic powers of Mr. Rowlandson; we know of no artist in the line of caricature drawing, who has a happier conception of the ludicrous; but it never appeared to us that his talents were any thing more than simply descriptive;—he invents, he creates nothing; the subjects of almost all the plates of the former 'Tour in Search of the Picturesque,' the merit of which belonged exclusively to Mr. Rowlandson, were of the most hackneyed description, and half the delight which both the plates themselves and the poet's adaptation of them produced, arose from a feeling of surprise that scenes and incidents so very common could yet be depicted so very well, as to have all the freshness and liveliness of humour belonging to adventures the most new and surprising. The same cannot be said, except in a very inferior degree, of the plates in this second volume, many of which are as original as they are entertaining, and though they have nothing in them of the high moral vein of Hogarth, have much of that style by which the most moral of English poets gave to the merriest of English ballads, John Gilpin, a charm which must make its popularity as ever-during as the language in which it is written. To what, then, is it fair to ascribe this superiority, except to the 'hints,' with which the artist has on this occasion been favoured by the poet? And what may we not imagine the event would have been, had the poet only been as profuse in 'hints' as he has been in words?

This second tour of Doctor Syntax, as the title announces, was in 'Search of Consolation;' the former volume left him 'and his darling wife' living in such conjugal felicity, 'by Keswick Lake's admired side,' that—

"They might have claim'd, or I'm mistaken,  
With conscience clear, the flitch of bacon;"

But their happiness, like that of most mortals, was not made to last, not—

"E'en though a darling hope appear'd,  
And joy untold their bosoms cheer'd;

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For Nature, without fuss or pother,  
Gave hints that she would be a mother.'

To 'nature's shame,' the period which she had so distinctly announced, never came; Mrs. Doctor Syntax miscarried:—

'Death was triumphant,—life was o'er,  
And his dear Dolly was no more.'

A man of the Doctor's sensitive character of mind, could not fail to be deeply affected by such an event:—

'Grief made him wild,' but not a tear  
Did on his pallid cheeks appear.  
Into the chair his form he threw,—  
"Adieu," he said, "my Love, adieu!"  
The tears then came—the gushing flood  
Stream'd down his cheeks, and did him good.'

The Doctor's patron, Squire Worthy, and his lady, were touched with compassion for his forlorn situation, and they gave him an invitation, which he willingly accepted, to leave the widowed vicarage, and make their house his home for a season. The Doctor's grief, however, was deep seated; a long month elapsed without a smile; he seemed almost to have 'forgot to talk.' His friendly hostess, Mrs. Worthy, got at length tired of long faces, and all the 'whimp'ring fuss,' and in a rallying discourse, which she had with the Doctor, thus addressed him:—

"I think that I've a certain cure  
For all the pain which you endure."  
Syntax.—"O tell me."  
Mrs. Worthy.—"Make another tour,  
And when you've made it, you shall write it;—  
The world, I'll wager, will not slight it:  
For where's the city, where's the town,  
Which is not full of your renown?"  
\* \* \* \* \*

Another circuit you shall roam,  
And bring your old contentment home:  
Nay, who can tell,—to sweeten life,  
In your long journey you may see  
Some virgin fair or widow'd she,  
Some pleasing dame at liberty,  
Who would her weary freedom give,  
In matrimonial bonds to live:—  
And if I do not greatly err  
From my own sex's character,  
Do you, my friend, but say to her  
Such things, and in the same degree  
As you to-night have said of me,  
—Aye, if she had ten thousand pound  
I would in penalties be bound,  
To hold myself a fixture dumb,  
(A punishment which well you know  
No woman thinks to undergo,)  
If the fair lady does not yield,  
And leave you victor of the field;  
As if young Cupid, from his quiver,  
Had drawn a dart and pierc'd her liver:—



For some have said, as you can prove,  
The liver is the seat of love."

The 'sad man' was now seen to smile for the first time since he had put on his sables; and after a night's cogitation on the lady's advice, he determined that he could do nothing wiser than follow it. The Doctor's first care was of course to procure a proper nag for the excursion; and here we learn, with unfeigned regret, that his and our old friend Grizzle is no more:—

'Two years, alas! were gone and past,  
Since faithful Grizzle breath'd her last,—  
Since that invaluable creature  
Had paid the common debt to nature.  
She who had seen the battle rage,  
Escap'd to reach a good old age:  
She who had heard the battle's din,  
Now sleeps in an uncurried skin;  
For currier none had been allow'd,  
To touch the skin that's now her shroud.  
'Tis true, indeed, it had been scor'd,  
By the rude force of slashing sword;  
But then the slashing was in front,  
Where honour writes its name upon 't:  
Though to the flowing tail and ears,  
The fates, 'tis known, applied the shears,  
In guise of wicked villagers.  
Whether on barn-door they remain,  
The sport of sunshine and of rain,  
Or whether time has bid them rot,  
The muse knows not or has forgot.  
A rising mound points out her grave,  
The cropping sheep its verdure shave;  
The cypress at the foot is seen,  
Array'd in mournful evergreen;  
While the willow's branches spread  
Their drooping foliage at the head;  
And Grizzle's name, ten times a-day,  
Is sigh'd by all who pass that way.'

Squire Worthy gives the doctor a chesnut mare, Phillis by name, to supply the place of the lamented Grizzle. A 'liveried man,' too, is provided to attend the doctor, in the person of Pat, an Irish pavior, who is introduced to the acquaintance of the reader by the following description:—

'Bold Pat had serv'd in foreign wars,  
And could display a host of scars,  
All in the brunt of battle gain'd,  
Where British arms and glory reign'd.  
Besides, he had a flippant tongue,  
Which like an aspen-leaf was hung,  
And when the subject he approv'd,  
With a most rapid instinct mov'd;  
But while it fill'd the folks with wonder,  
It sometimes stray'd into a blunder.  
Chelsea's out-pensioner was he,  
And now by active industry,  
With lab'ring pick-axe and with spade,  
The implements of former trade,  
Chang'd as he was to village swain,  
On Keswick's side he did maintain  
A buxom wife, and children four,  
With promise of as many more.  
Oft he had view'd the heaps of slain  
With gory blood pollute the plain.  
He'd seen Old England's flag unfurl'd  
Amid its thunders that were hurl'd  
On shores which bound the distant world;  
And us'd to boast full many a day,  
He'd seen the Frenchmen run away,  
And often with good sab'ring thwacks,

Had cut their coats from off their backs,—  
And, then, without the least ado,  
Had cut their very backs in two.  
He told of lakes of such a size,  
That, as he thought on't, to his eyes,  
Keswick's, when to their bounds compar'd,  
Was but a pond in farmer's yard.  
He spoke of cataracts, whose roar  
Was heard for twenty miles or more;  
Nay, that they fell from such a height,  
Their tops were seen quite out of sight;  
And should e'en Keswick's Lake be drain'd  
Of all the water it contain'd,  
The mighty torrents they could pour,  
Would fill it full within an hour.  
His stories wild, and droll conceit,  
Oft furnish'd out a various treat;  
And young and old, when met to quaff  
Their evening bowl, did nought but laugh,  
And for a time forget their care,  
If Pat was merry and was there.  
In short, whoe'er he chanc'd to meet,  
Good humoursprung beneath their feet;  
Though, when he saw pale sorrow near,  
For either eye he had a tear.  
His thoughts were never fram'd with art,  
His was the language of the heart:  
What'er he said, whate'er he sung,  
Deceit ne'er glanc'd upon his tongue;  
For if by chance to please the folk,  
And laugh and wonder to provoke,  
He blink'd at truth,—it was in joke.'

For Patrick's use, the squire gave also a 'good useful active hack,' named Punch, whose back was besides destined to bear all their 'chattles, tear and wear.'

The 'journeying cavalcade' being thus made up, of his Reverence, Pat, Phillis, and Punch, they took their departure from Worthy Hall, on a fine autumnal morning, in search of those adventures which form the subject of the remainder of the volume. The narrative is of the same style with those other works which have made the name of Syntax so familiar to the popular ear, a style which cannot, perhaps, be better designated than by calling it the *ambling* style,—something between the rough jog trot of Crabbe, and the bounding fiery speed of Mazeppa. The reader is carried delightedly and easily along, through a succession of diverting scenes, which are touched off with much felicity, and remarked on in a spirit which is invariably of a generous and amiable character. We have already extracted enough to shew, that though the worthy author is now verging on his eightieth year, the poetic flame still burns in him as bright as ever; and we are sure we reckon not without our host, in anticipating for 'Syntax in search of Consolation,' quite as extended a popularity as has been not more deservedly enjoyed by 'Syntax in search of the Picturesque.'

#### *The Percy Anecdotes. Anecdotes of Justice.*

WE have so often had occasion to express our favourable opinion of this clever and elegant little work, that we shall on the present occasion only furnish an extract, and leave our readers to judge for themselves. The present number is embellished with a beautifully engraved portrait of Lord Eldon, from an original picture.

'Escapes from the Gallows.—In Plott's History of Staffordshire, we are told that in the reign of Henry III, one Judith



de Balsham was condemned for receiving and concealing thieves, and hanged from nine o'clock on Monday morning, till sun-rise on Tuesday following, and yet escaped with life! In evidence of this most incredible story, Plott recites verbatim, a royal pardon granted to the woman, in which the fact is circumstantially recorded. "*Quia Inetta de Balsham pro receptamento Latronum ei imposito nuper, per considerationem curie nostre suspendio adjudicata, et ab hora nona diei Lune usque post ortum solis diei Martis sequen. suspensa, viva evasit sicut ex testimonio fide dignorum accepimus.*" What can be said against such testimony as this? Nothing, perhaps, but that the thing is impossible. The days of Henry III were days of priestly imposture; and there have been grosser juggles in the annals of holy craft, than hanging a woman for twenty-four hours without killing her.

In the account of Oxfordshire, by the same author, we find a remarkable notice of the woman Greene, who, after being hanged, was recovered by Sir William Petty. The time of suspension, it may be necessary to observe, was not quite so long as that of Judith de Balsham; she hung only about half an hour. "What was most remarkable," says Plott, "and distinguished the hand of Providence in her recovery, she was found to be innocent of the crime for which she suffered."

**Lord Chancellor Bacon.**—Among the foremost in the ranks of the fawning, treacherous, and corrupt courtiers that surrounded James the First, we discover with pain one of the greatest men that our country or the world has produced. The friends of science must ever regret that this character should apply to so sublime a genius as Lord Bacon.

The proceedings in the case of Peacham, shew that there never was a more deliberate enemy to the liberties of his country, nor stauncher supporter of tyranny, even to its extreme verge. This unfortunate man was put to the torture, tried, convicted, and condemned as a traitor, for certain passages, said to be treasonable, in a sermon which was never preached, nor intended to be so, but only found in writing in his study. The minute made upon the occasion of his torture is still preserved. It is in the hand-writing of Secretary Winwood, and states that he had been examined "before torture, in torture, between torture, and after torture," and "that nothing could be drawn from him, he still persisting in his obstinate and insensible denials." This monument of tyranny is signed, among others, by Bacon; and, as a fit associate in so barbarous a procedure, also by Sir Jervis Elwis, lieutenant of the Tower, who was condemned and executed, two years afterwards, for being an accessory to the detestable and treacherous murder of Sir Thomas Overbury.

The case of Wraynham, who was punished by the Star Chamber for slandering Lord Bacon, by accusing him of injustice, is still more melancholy and instructive. He had a cause in chancery, on which his all depended, against Sir Edward Fisher; and after expending his whole fortune, and that of several compassionate friends who assisted him, he had at last obtained from Lord Bacon's predecessor in the chancery a favourable judgment; which Lord Bacon thought proper, without any cause assigned, to reverse. Wraynham applied for justice to the King, presenting him with a statement of his case, conveyed in language which, if reprehensible, was at least pardonable in a man in his unhappy situation. The King handed over the imprudent suppliant to the Star Chamber. The lords asked him how he dared to speak in the manner which he had done of so pure and upright a character as the Lord Chancellor? Wraynham replied by the following simple and affecting statement:—

"In making this appeal, I mustered together all my miseries; I saw my land taken away, which had been before established unto me; and after six-and-forty orders, and twelve reports made in the cause, nay, after motions, hearings, and re-hearings, fourscore in number, I beheld all overthrown in a moment, and all overthrown without a new bill preferred. I discerned the representation of a prison gaping for me, in which I must from henceforth spend all the days of my life without release; for in this suit I have spent almost 3000*l.*, and

many of my friends were engaged for me, some injured, others undone; and with this did accompany many eminent miseries likely to ensue upon me, my wife, and four children, the eldest of which being but five years old; so that we that did every day give bread to others, must now beg bread of others, or else starve, which is the miserablest of all deaths; and there being no means to move his Majesty to hear the cause, but to accuse his lordship of injustice; this and all these moved me to be sharp and bitter, and to use words, though dangerous in themselves, yet I hope pardonable in such extremities."

Mr. Sergeant Crew, on the part of the crown, by way of aggravating Mr. Wraynham's guilt, pronounced a most splendid eulogium on the Lord Chancellor, whose talents and integrity as a judge were such, he said, that it was a foul "offence to traduce him." The learned sergeant farther observed, that at all events the prisoner could not accuse the Lord Chancellor of corruption; "for, thanks be to God, he hath always despised riches, and set honour and justice before his eyes; and where the magistrate is bribed, it is a sign of a corrupted state."

The result of the business was, that the chamber imposed a fine on Wraynham, which completely ruined him.

Now mark the sequel: Two years after the sacrifice of this unfortunate man and his family to the purity of Lord Chancellor Bacon, his lordship was accused and convicted by his own confession of bribery and corruption, and gave in to Parliament, under his own hand, a list of the bribes which he had received during the period of his filling the office of Lord Chancellor. In that list, how revolting it is to perceive a bribe received *in this very case*, from the miserable Wraynham's opponent, in the suit which reduced his family to beggary, and condemned himself to spend the remainder of his days in a jail!

**Judge Jefferies.**—A singular story is told of this truly infamous judge, which shews that when free from state influence, he was not without a sense of the natural and civil rights of men, and an inclination to protect them. The mayor, aldermen, and justices of Bristol, had been in the practice of condemning criminals to be transported to the American plantations, and then selling them by way of trade; and finding the commodity turn to a good account, they contrived a method to make it more plentiful. When any petty rogue or pilferer was brought before them in a judicial capacity, they were sure to threaten him stoutly with hanging; and there was always some busy officer in attendance, who would advise the ignorant intimidated creature to pray for transportation, as the only way of escaping the gallows—an advice which was but too generally followed. Without any more ado, sentence of transportation was then made out; each alderman had and sold his man in rotation; and not unfrequently disputes arose about the order of preference in this nefarious traffic.

For many years this abominable prostitution of the judicial functions had gone on unnoticed, when it came to the knowledge of Chief Justice Jefferies, as he was on his sanguinary process through the west, against the adherents of Monmouth. Finding, upon inquiry, that the mayor was the leading agent in the practice, he made him descend from the bench where he was sitting, and stand at the bar in his scarlet robes, and plead with the rest of his brethren as common criminals. He then took security from them to answer informations; but the general amnesty, after the revolution, put a stop to the proceedings, and left the magistracy of Bristol to the secure enjoyment of their iniquitous gains.

The venerable author of *Lord Guildford's Life*, who narrates the preceding anecdote, tells us also, that when Jefferies was in temper, and matters between subject and subject came before him, no one became a seat of justice better. He talked fluently and with spirit; but his weakness was, that he could not reprove without scolding. He called it *giving a lick with the rough side of his tongue*. Jefferies took great pleasure in mortifying fraudulent attorneys. A scrivener of Wapping having a cause before him, one of the opponent's counsel said that he was a strange fellow,—that he sometimes



went to church, sometimes to conventicles; and that none could tell what to make of him, though it was rather thought that he was a trimmer. At this, the chief justice was instantly fired. "A trimmer?" said he; "I have heard much of that monster, but never saw one; come forth Mr. Trimmer, and let me see your shape." And he treated the poor fellow of a scrivener so roughly, that when he came out of the hall, he declared that he would not undergo the terrors of that man's face again to save his life, and that while he lived, he should never forget the dreadful impressions it had made on him.

'How truly the frightened scrivener spoke, will be seen by the sequel. When the Prince of Orange came over, and all was in confusion, Jefferies, being justly obnoxious to the people, prepared to go beyond sea. He disguised himself in the dress of a sailor, and acting up to the assumed character, was drinking a pot of beer in a cellar, when the Wapping scrivener chanced to enter, in quest of some of his clients. His eye instantly caught the never-to-be forgotten visage of the Chancellor; he gave a start of surprize, but said nothing. Jefferies seeing himself observed, feigned a cough, and turned away his head; but Mr. Trimmer immediately went out and gave notice that he had discovered this most hated of men. A crowd of people rushed into the cellar, seized him, and carried him before the Lord Mayor, who sent him under a strong guard to the lords of the council, by whom he was committed to the Tower, where he ended his days, April 18, 1689.'

'*Female Pleading.*—The Athenians had a law, that no woman should be permitted to plead her own cause. It had its origin from a case in which the celebrated Phryne was concerned. Afraid of trusting her defence to any hired advocate, she appeared in her own behalf; and such is said to have been the enchanting effect of her personal beauty on the judges, that contrary to evidence, they pronounced her guiltless.

'In modern times, men have learnt to be less susceptible in themselves, and more just towards the sex; and since women must be prosecuted at times, we do not add to their comparative helplessness, by depriving them of any means of defence with which nature may have provided them.

'The right of pleading for themselves in courts of justice, is one, however, of which females in modern times have rarely availed themselves; but there is one instance of recent occurrence, which shews, that a woman may achieve for herself, what no male advocate could, (in all human probability,) and that not by the meretricious influence of personal charms, but by sound argument and common sense. The instance to which we allude, is that of Miss Tucker, tried at Exeter assizes, for a libel. The lady pleaded her own cause, and in a way so contrary to what the lawyers call practice, (*their practice*), as greatly to excite the compassion of the judge, who more than once interfered to remind the fair pleader, how little she was speaking to the purpose, mixing with his admonitions an expression of regret, that she had not entrusted her defence to some gentleman of the bar, who would have known how to conduct it! Miss T. (obstinate woman!) was not to be turned from her own way; she had nothing to gain by mere deference to the opinion of the judge; all she wanted, all she hoped for, and all she was striving for, was to gain her own cause. The judge, (charitable in vain!) abandoned her to her fate; and when she had done "talking to no purpose," charged the jury in a sense by no means favourable to her acquittal. The jury brought in a verdict of—not guilty.

'*Distress.*—A Spaniard insists upon his horse or arms not being taken in execution; a Frenchman, according to the ancient laws of France, has his dress privileged; a Scotchman is content if his working tools are left to him, which are all that the laws of his country privilege from seizure.'

*A Geographical, Statistical, and Historical Description of Hindostan, and the adjacent Countries.* By Walter Hamilton, Esq.

(Continued from p. 504.)

Of the Pindaries, so recently extirpated by the British arms under the Marquis of Hastings, we have the following interesting account:—

'With respect to their composition, the Pindaries were principally, and the leaders wholly, of the Mahommedan religion, but all castes were allowed to associate with them. Remnants of foreign wars, and the refuse of a disbanded soldiery, they constituted a nucleus round which might assemble all that was vagabond and disaffected, all that was incapable of honest industry and peaceful occupation, and all that was opposed in habit and interest to the peace of Hindostan. Like the early Mahrattas, they systematically prosecuted a war of plunder and devastation on all their neighbours: and in recent times were gradually obtaining the substantiality of organized states; their progress being assisted by the daily augmenting weakness of the surrounding powers, and their inability to coerce their own dominions. Among themselves they lived in societies of one or two hundred, governed by the individual who had the most personal influence. These inferior chiefs were called Mhorladar, or Thokdar, from Mhorla and Thok, the names of the party when united. The aggregate body was named Tull; detached parties, Cozauks; the main body, Lubbur; and the principal leader, Lubbreia.

'When an enterprising leader had determined on a plundering expedition, he sent messengers to the neighbouring Thokdars to engage their co-operation, and reconcile their animosities, and also to fix on a period for their assembling. In general, the leader had no hereditary claims, his influence depending on the popular opinion of his activity and military talents, as he possessed no power to enforce obedience, or to chastise refractory conduct; the sole attraction to his standard being the hope of plunder. This precarious attachment, however, changed to an absolute submission, when the party had advanced far into an enemy's country, their chance of escape and eventual return greatly depending on their implicit obedience to his orders. When ready to start, the Lubbreia, or leader, mounted his horse, and going to some distance, sounded his trumpet, and mustered his followers. They then advanced, the leader in front, with his standard and trumpets, the rest following without order or regularity. They usually commenced their march about day break, and continued in motion until mid-day, when they halted for two or three hours and again moved forward, stopping to refresh at sunset. At nine, they changed their ground, and again at twelve, (each halt being called a tull,) removing four or five miles each time; and occasionally they made a third change of position. Their longest marches seldom exceeded thirty miles per day; their most usual only eight or ten; but from the extended manner in which they advanced, they covered an immense space of ground.

'In a dark night they kept together by calling to each other as they rode along, and when the Lubbreia changed his ground he sounded his trumpet, and the word passed from one to the other, so that although there was much confusion, they were seldom so much dispersed as to be unable to re-assemble. If attacked, they galloped off in all directions, trusting to chance for again uniting. The cozauks, headed by some resolute men, detached themselves in parties of from ten to twenty, and scoured the country for ten or twelve miles in front, and on the flanks of the main body. Should the tull be dispersed by defeat or accident, the leader's trumpet is sounded; but as many might happen to be too remote to hear the summons, he usually sets fire to a stack of straw, or some stubble, to indicate the spot where he was posted. When arrived at a halting place, the Lubbreia dismounted and fixed his standard, beyond which every Pindary passed, leaving the leader in the rear. The men of each thok kept close together, being generally

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the friends, relations, or dependants of the Thokdar. No guards were set, the Lubbrea being expected to watch for the benefit of the whole. In the day time they took off the saddles from the horses, but never unsaddled them during the night, sleeping with the bridle in their hand. Their horses were generally a small hardy breed, mostly bred in Malwah; but seldom more than half of a corps were well mounted. They were all excellent riders, although they underwent no training either in horsemanship or in the use of arms. The latter consisted of the sword and spear, for although sensible of the superiority of fire-arms, very few carried them, on account of their weight and incumbrance. It is a commonly received notion, that the Pindaries gave their horses large quantities of opium to enable them to support the incessant fatigue to which they were subjected, but this narcotic was only resorted to in extreme cases, after a very harassing march. In their retreats, these wretched animals were commonly much overladen, having, besides their rider and his arms, a considerable quantity of cloths, brass pots, and other plunder to carry.

Their information respecting the country towards which they were going, was in general, but not always, very defective; and spies they seldom employed. As they advanced, the chance of plunder was the first inquiry, and the next what troops and fire-arms they were likely to encounter. They pillaged every place of which they could obtain possession, but were easily to be beaten off by fire-arms, and generally gave up the attack after one or two casualties. As soon as they got into a town or village, each man seized such of the inhabitants as fell in his way, and, by threats or torture, compelled them to disclose their hidden treasure, if they had any; no regard being paid to age or sex. There was no regular division of the plunder, each retaining what he could procure; but as some persons must always remain outside to hold the horses, a proportion was reserved for them. As may be supposed, many quarrels arose about the distribution of the plunder, which were usually referred to the Lubbrea for adjustment, and a small tax on each formed his chief source of emolument. While advancing and free from apprehension, they covered the face of the country, but during their retreats it was their practice to march much more compactly. Plunder, and not glory, being their object, they carefully evaded all attempts to bring them to action; and when retreating, their endeavours were all directed to escape undiscovered. In these cases, when pursued, they seldom at first took the road they ultimately intended to follow, winding and doubling across the country, making more frequent marches and halts than they were accustomed to do, and confounding their pursuers by their incessant change of place. When they thought they had sufficiently misled their enemies, they suddenly changed their route, and hurried on with increased speed until out of danger. In this manner these bands of plunderers undertook long journeys of two or three months, over a vast space of hostile country, through the midst of armies, whose incontestible superiority they knew from dire experience.

The account of the respective provinces of Hindostan and their sub-divisions, exhibits the rapid march of the British power in this vast empire; it is, however, too full of geographical and statistical details to furnish us with many extracts of interest to the general reader.

Juggernaut, a celebrated place of Hindoo worship on the sea coast of Orissa, in the district of Cuttack, is esteemed the most sacred of all their religious establishments. The temple containing the idol is an ill-formed shapeless mass of decayed granite, no way remarkable but as an object of Hindoo veneration, situated about one mile and a half from the shore. For ten miles in circumference round the temple on the land side, taking the temple for the central point, and the sea-shore for the chord, the space enclosed thereby is called the Holy Land of Juggernaut, its sanctity being esteemed such as to ensure future beatitude to the Hindoo who dies within its bounds:—

According to report, the original image now lies in a pool at Juggernaut Kshetra, and it is also said that every third year the Brahmins construct a new one, into which the bones of Krishna are removed, and that while performing this exchange, the officiating Brahmin acts with his eyes bandaged, lest the effulgence of the sacred relics should strike him dead. The image exhibited at present is a carved block of wood, having a frightful visage painted black, with a distended mouth of a bloody colour, the eyes and head very large, without legs or hands, and only fractions of arms; but at grand ceremonies he is supplied with gold or silver arms. In the interior, the attending Brahmins bathe, wipe him, and carry him about like the stump of a tree. The other two idols of his brother and sister are of a white and yellow colour, and each have distinct places allotted them within the temple.

The ruth, or car on which these divinities are elevated, 60 feet high, resembles the general form of Hindoo pagodas, supported by very strong frames placed on four or five rows of wheels, which deeply indent the ground as they turn under their ponderous load. He is accompanied by two other idols, his brother Bulrum, and his sister Shubudra, who sit on thrones, nearly of equal height. The upper part of the cars are covered with English broad cloth, supplied by the British government, and are striped red and white, blue and yellow, and decorated with streamers and other ornaments. Both the walls of the temple and sides of the machine are covered with indecent sculptures. During the Ruth Jatra, the celebration of which varies from the middle of June to the middle of July, according to the lunar year, the three images are brought forth with much ceremony and uproar, and having mounted their carriage, the immense machine is pushed and dragged along, amidst the shouts and clamours of a prodigious multitude, to what is called the idol's garden-house, or country residence, distant from the temple only one mile and a half; but the motion is so slow, that the getting over this space usually occupies three or four days. On these occasions, scenes of great horror frequently occur, both from accident and self devotion, under the wheels of the tower, which passing over the body of the victim, inflict instant death by crushing the body to pieces; and their bruised and lacerated carcases are frequently left exposed on the spot for many days after their destruction. Superstition is here seen in its least disguised and most disgusting form; the songs and gestures of the car drivers are indecent, and the external paintings to the last degree obscene. Some of the latter may be attributed to the mystical allusions of Hindoo mythology, others to the inherent beastliness of the people; some to the incubation of a lazy and pampered priesthood.

While the festival lasts, devotees and religious mendicants of all descriptions, are seen in crowds endeavouring to stimulate the charity of the multitude, by a great variety of ingenious, whimsical, and preposterous devices. Some remain all day with their head on the ground, and their feet in the air; others with their bodies entirely covered with earth. Some cram their eyes with mud, and their mouth with straw; while others lie extended in a puddle of water. One man is seen with his foot tied to his neck, another with a pot of fire on his belly; a third enveloped with a net work of ropes. Nor are the officiating Brahmins idle on these emergencies; on the contrary, all the resources of superstition and priestcraft are brought into active operation, and every offering, from a sweetmeat to a lack of rupees, grasped at with the most importunate rapacity.

At Juggernaut, there are thirteen annual festivals:—

Such Hindoos as perform this pilgrimage contrive to arrive at four particular times, when the swinging, the sweet scented, the bathing, and the car festivals take place; but much the greater number at the swinging and car festivals; some go and return immediately, while others sojourn for two or three



months. After the preliminary ceremonies are gone through and the fees paid, the pilgrim goes and looks at the image; he next bathes in the sea, and then returning to the temple, purchases some rice which has been recently offered to Juggernaut, and with it performs the obsequies of his deceased ancestors. During his stay he attends the daily solemnities, and makes offerings through the Brahmins of rice and other articles to Juggernaut. For payment, the officiating priests supply him with food ready dressed, which is particularly nutritious, as having been first presented to Juggernaut, who eats (by proxy) 52 times each day. The penitent also feasts the Brahmins, and eats with all descriptions of pilgrims, of whatever caste. Various reasons are assigned, and stories told, all equally irrational, to account for the singular exception of permitting an act to be done here, which performed anywhere else would render the individual a miserable outcast. All Hindoos eagerly accept whatever has been offered to an idol; hence, it is common to observe flowers which have been so offered, stuck in their hair, and the water which has been offered to Juggernaut is preserved and sipped occasionally as a cordial. The appellation of Juggernaut (Jagat Natha, lord of the world,) is merely one of the 1000 names of Vishnu, the preserving power, according to the Brahminical theology.

The concourse of pilgrims to this temple is so immense, that at 50 miles distance its approach may be known by the quantity of human bones which are strewn by the way. Some old persons come to die at Juggernaut, and many measure the distance by their length on the ground; but, besides these voluntary sufferings, many endure great hardships both when travelling, and while they reside here, from exposure to the weather, bad food and water, and other evils. Many perish by dysentery, and the surrounding country abounds with skulls and human bones; but the vicinity of Juggernaut to the sea, and the arid nature of the soil, assist to prevent the contagion which would otherwise be generated. When this object of their misplaced veneration is first perceived, the multitude of pilgrims shout aloud, and fall to the ground to worship it.

At Mahabalipuram, a small town on the sea coast of the Carnatic, thirty-five miles south from Madras, there are the celebrated ruins of ancient Hindoo temples, generally called the Seven Pagodas, although no such number exists:—

The eye is first attracted by a high rock or rather hill of stone, covered with Hindoo sculptures and works of imagery, so thickly scattered as to convey the idea of a petrified town. Facing the sea there is a pagoda of one single stone, about 16 or 18 feet high, which seems to have been cut on the spot out of a detached rock. On the outside surface of the rock are basso-relievo sculptures, representing the most remarkable persons whose actions are celebrated in the Mahabharat. Another part of the rock is hollowed out into a spacious room, apparently for the purposes of a choultry.

On ascending the hill, there is a temple cut out of the solid rock, with some figures of idols in alto-relievo upon the walls, very well finished. At another part of the hill there is a gigantic figure of Vishnu asleep on a bed, with a large snake wound round in many coils as a pillow, which figures are all of one piece, hewn out of the rock. A mile and a half to the southward of the hill are two pagodas, about 30 feet long by 20 wide, and the same in height, cut out of the solid rock, and each consisting of one single stone. Near to these is the figure of an elephant as large as life, and of a lion much larger than the natural size, but otherwise a just representation of a real lion, which is, however, an animal unknown in this neighbourhood, or in the south of India. The whole of these sculptures appear to have been rent by some convulsion of nature before they were finished.

At Ramesseran, an island situated in the straits between the island of Ceylon and the continent, there is a more celebrated pagoda, which still remains in a tolerable state of repair:—

The entrance to it is by a lofty gateway, about 100 feet high, covered with carved work to the summit. The door is about 40 feet high, and composed of single stones, placed perpendicularly, with others crossing over; the massiveness of the workmanship resembling the Egyptian or Cyclopean stile of architecture. The square of the whole is about 600 feet, and it probably is one of the most superior native edifices in India. Into the inner temple none are permitted to enter but the attendant Brahmins, who live in the town and have their share of the offerings. When the Raja of Tanjore used formerly to visit this place, his current expenditure generally exceeded 60,000 pagodas. The deity uses no other water but that brought by the devotees the whole way from the Ganges, which is poured over him every morning, and then sold to the devout, thus yielding a considerable revenue to the temple. The guardianship of this sacred isle is in a family of devotees, the chief of which is named the Pandaram, and doomed to perpetual celibacy, the succession being carried on by the sisters, or by the collateral branch. The greater part of the income is devoted to his use, and to that of his relations, who have possessed the supreme power above ninety years.

(To be concluded in our next.)

*Italy and its Inhabitants; an Account of a Tour in that Country in 1816 and 1817; containing a View of Characters, Manners, Customs, Governments, Antiquities, Literature, Dialects, Theatres, and the Fine Arts; with some Remarks on the Origin of Rome, and of the Latin Language.* By James Aug. Galiffe, of Geneva. 2 vols. 8vo. pp. 916. London, 1820.

If the bill of fare presented by Mr. Galiffe does not satisfy the most fastidious literary epicure, it must be from the manner in which the several articles are dressed, and not from the want of variety. We had almost thought that we had done with Italian tourists for some time, but 'lo! another and another still succeeds,' and we involuntarily exclaim, 'what! will the line stretch out to the crack o'doom?'

This work, however, presents us with one novelty,—Italy described by a Genevese, in the English language; a language which he only began to speak at the age of twenty-two, and his proficiency in which, he says, has been impaired, during a residence of sixteen years on the continent. And yet he writes in a good style, which is generally correct, often forcible, and sometimes elegant. In his prefatory address, he states his object in writing, and his principles, in a brief, but intelligible and comprehensive manner. He says,—

'My aim in the following pages is, to describe Italy exactly as it is:—making men and manners the principal objects of my attention, without neglecting any thing that is worthy of notice in the face of the country: never exaggerating the beautiful or the disagreeable; not wholly discarding enthusiasm, but never, I hope, suffering it to lead me essentially astray; speaking freely of abuses, but not wilfully calumniating. To eloquence of description or the graces of style,—those excellences which peculiarly mark the compositions of the present age, I have no pretensions: but I hope to compensate in some degree for my deficiency in these respects, by simplicity and fidelity,—by some originality upon objects of literary and historical interest,—and by always thinking for myself.'

In politics, he thinks he will displease all party-men, because he is of no party. He only wishes to see his fellow creatures happy, and is equally an enemy to oppression in the rulers, and a restless and revolutionary fondness for

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a change in the people. His desire is 'to inculcate real liberality—to see independence established wherever it can maintain itself, and liberty planted wherever it will grow.' He is a friend to religious toleration, and abhors 'the despotism of priests, almost as cordially as that of military tyrants.' Such is the creed of James Aug. Galiffe, of Geneva, of whose travels in Italy we now proceed to give some account. The boast of liberality, and the apology for want of eloquence of description or the graces of style, were quite unnecessary, since the author does not possess the former in any very eminent degree, and every page of his work proves that no apology was necessary as to its literary merits. In short, Mr. Galiffe is a sensible, intelligent, and close observer, who expresses his sentiments honestly and boldly; his reflections are those of a well-stored and thinking mind, and if we cannot always agree with his opinions, they always claim our respect.

Mr. Galiffe does not feel that extravagant admiration for the road over the Simplon which most travellers express. He censures the English for being such enthusiastic admirers of every thing connected with Bonaparte, and does not think it very extraordinary, that a man who 'had a disposable annual income of 120 or 150,000 livres,' and who 'disposed at his pleasure of almost all the public and private treasure of Europe,' should construct a work which cost him only sixty or eighty of his men, and a few millions of francs. The author's own description, however, coupled with the circumstance that no one ever before attempted so gigantic a project, will show that it was the conception of no ordinary mind:—

'The road from Brig to the top of the mountain is very like the ascent of Mount Jura, on the side of France. The principal difference between them, lies in the greater depth of the precipices of the Simplon, and in the greater elevation of the road, which leads the traveller close to the borders of some of the glaciers. But I have seen nothing in any country with which I can compare the descent on the Italian side. There, it constantly runs along the foot of precipices, and is overhung by tremendous rocks, huge fragments of which (some of them of forty cubic feet and more), lay scattered on each side of the way, affrighting the traveller with evidences of the danger to which he is exposed. There are many points of view highly picturesque, and several really sublime; but in its general effect it is like travelling between two walls of 6 or 7000 feet in height; and the head aches, at length, from the fatigue of having to look up so high for a view of the sky. Besides, the road, which we had found very smooth on the Swiss side of the mountain, was here so horribly rugged, that we were really astonished how the carriage could sustain the violent shocks which it received. Perhaps the road may have been since improved by the repairs which were then in progress. But the number of workmen employed seemed barely sufficient to remove the principal obstructions, in places where enormous masses of rock, falling from the tops of the mountains, had broken and blocked up the passage; and it may be doubted, whether the King of Sardinia will be able to keep the road in repair with the produce of the toll, which is only six francs for each horse.'

The town of Como, which is likely to be pretty frequently mentioned in the course of the ensuing week, and to which the public attention has already been directed, was visited by our author. The cathedral contains some good pictures, most of them by Luino:—

'The town of Como itself is not remarkable for its beauty; but, had it been as magnificent as Petersburg, we could not have enjoyed it, besieged as we were, at every step, by crowds of beggars, whose numbers every donation seemed to double, and who hardly left us room either to move or to breathe.

'The next morning, Tuesday, the 8th of October, we disembarrassed ourselves of this plague by embarking on the lake in a boat with four pair of oars. One of our boatmen took great pains to entertain us during the voyage with anecdotes and standing jests against Germans, country parsons, and the Princess of Wales. But we paid little attention to him, being rapt in admiration of the scenery round us. Nothing can be more enchanting at first sight, than the panoramic view from the lake at a little distance from the shore. It is surrounded with hills covered with woods, villages, and palaces; the green of nature being here, as in other landscapes on this side the Alps, beautifully spangled with the silvery whiteness of the dwellings of man.

'The palace of the Princess of Wales lies on the shore opposite to Como, and has a grand appearance at a distance; but it is far from being a desirable habitation. The heat in summer, the frost in winter, and the mountain torrents, in spring and autumn, make it, by turns, as disagreeable a residence as a palace can be. Her Royal Highness seldom spends there more than two or three days at a time, though she has laid out immense sums in roads, as well as in repairs and alterations of the palace. As we were told that no Englishmen were admitted, and as N——'s curiosity was not powerful enough to induce him to disguise, even for a few minutes, a circumstance on which he particularly prided himself, we did not attempt to land in the face of her Royal Highness's Hungarian guards; but kept near the eastern shore of the lake, which offers the greatest number of interesting places to visit.'

'The first villa on the eastern side is that of the Marchese di Cormaggio; who has erected a small pyramid in his garden, as a monument to the memory of a faithful dog, by whose courage his life was saved in an encounter with robbers.'

From Como, Mr. Galiffe proceeded to Milan. The theatre of La Scala there he thinks twice the size of the largest theatre in London; the tickets to the boxes are only a frank and a half each; but the house expences of the theatre are trifling, and there are no other lights than those on the stage:—

'There are five tier of boxes, and above them a gallery, called Loggione; each tier is composed of thirty-nine boxes, —except the second and third, which have only thirty-six, the middle of both these being occupied by that of the imperial family; and each box may contain eight or ten persons. In the pit, there are seats for about 600 persons, and standing-room for 400 more; the proportion of space for the latter is larger than in French or English theatres, because the pit, in those of Italy, like the exchange in a commercial town, is a place of general resort, where you can hardly fail to find at some hour of the evening whomsoever of your acquaintance you may wish to speak to. Hence there is a great deal of intercourse and circulation amongst this part of the audience; which would not be easily practicable, if the whole space were occupied by benches. This constant moving and talking, is very unpleasant to a stranger, who comes to the theatre for the purpose of listening to the performance; but it may be observed, on the other hand, that as the same opera is usually performed every evening for a whole month, the plot of the piece ceases, after the second or third representation, to excite any interest; and further, that those parts of the music, which really deserve attention, always command a general silence.

'The theatre is not decorated in an ostentatious manner; but it is more truly elegant and grand, than all the gilt ornaments in the world could render it. Every box has a drapery of green silk, with curtains of the same; which, being drawn in front, convert it into a neat little closet, where you may sit as comfortably as if you were at home. The performance consists of an opera in two acts, (this is, at present, the new and universal fashion,) and two ballets, a serious one between the two acts of the opera, and a comic dance to close the evening's entertainment. Sometimes, the second act is performed



before the first; sometimes you have the first act of one opera, and the second of another, or *vice versa*; or two first, or two second acts:—all which seems very strange to an English spectator, who forgets that he is come to hear a concert, not to see a play. The performance, as I said before, is usually changed only once a month.'

Mr. Galiffe speaks in high terms of praise of the Milanese, and has some very able and just reflections on the political condition of Lombardy. He says,—

'No where have I met with more amiable people than the Milanese. They have all that vivacity of imagination, all that liveliness in their exterior appearance, which one expects to find in Italians; without the least mixture of that low cunning with which the Italian nation is so universally reproached. The character of the Milanese is frank and open: they are more cordial than complaisant; utter strangers to that cringing politeness which smoothes every word and every motion of a Frenchman; their civility is blunt and hearty, yet graceful; and though not universally handsome, they are remarkable for a gentlemanlike, noble, and honest appearance, which forbids the most ill-natured person to suspect them of any thing disloyal or mean.

'When I speak of the Milanese, or of any other nation on this side the Alps, I wish to be understood as speaking of the general mass of inhabitants forming the medium between the highest and the lowest classes. I exclude from my judgment both these extremes, because they are very nearly alike throughout Italy; the former sensible, well-informed, acute, and quick in thought; but selfish and distrustful; and for that reason slow in action, and incapable of either rash or noble deeds. The people of the lowest classes are individually good, collectively bad; and are both better and worse than in any other country; and they are either more easily led astray, or reclaimed, because they are open to a much greater variety of impressions than persons of their station in any other part of Europe. They may be driven momentarily to any excess, because their extreme poverty, and the love of pleasure, exposes them to the most violent temptations: but they are incapable of persevering in mischief, because the same love of sensual pleasure softens and restrains the ruder and more violent impulses of their natural disposition. By the highest class I do not mean the whole body of nobility, but only those amongst them whose great riches, rank, and connexions, give them a powerful and extensive influence over large portions of the community. This class did not behave as it ought to have done, in the last revolutions. It ought to have stepped forth, and asserted its country's right to independence; and it would probably have succeeded; for the Lombards are susceptible of the highest degree of enthusiasm for great and noble objects. It may, however, be said on the other hand, that such efforts, if unsuccessful, do more harm than that cautious forbearance which temporizes with evil. And, after all, there is no law of prescription for nations. The people, who have borne a foreign yoke for centuries, still retain the same right to independence and to liberty, as those who have been only recently deprived of these blessings. The gifts of God are not to be alienated; and those who hold that any set of men are competent to sell the liberties of their posterity, are, in my opinion, as little deserving of the name of Christians, as of rational beings. A time I hope will come, when neither French nor German invaders will dare to consider as lawful prey, a nation so far superior to either of them, in every thing but military strength. But if this is not to be,—if the Lombards must have a foreign master, then, undoubtedly, a German prince is better suited to them than a French one; though for the moment, he be less agreeable to them. The French were abhorred, and would at last, I have reason to believe, have been massacred; but the Austrians are now even more disliked than the French were. The former, by their military successes, inspired a certain degree of respect in a people but too susceptible of admiration for vain splendour: the latter, by

their heavy ungraceful appearance, their coarse language, and unpolished manners, disgust the most elegant nation on earth;—a nation which, naturally enough, however indefensibly, is too lightly attracted by those exterior charms which itself so eminently possesses, and is inclined to despise the people in whom those attractions are wanting.'

The Milanese are strongly attached to Bonaparte, and the most imprudent speeches are daily uttered and reported in his praise, without occasioning the least persecution on the part of the government. This moderation, which is perhaps the result of fear, is nevertheless commendable; Mr. G. says the Austrians should have sent a young, generous, and gallant prince (if there be such an one in the house of Austria,) and a brilliant court ought to have been established there to occupy, enrich, and amuse the different classes of the inhabitants. He now recommends that Austria should separate the Italian from her German possessions, and make the former the exclusive inheritance of one branch of her family. But this project, we suspect, would now come too late, and the Milanese will not need to owe their nominal independence to the generosity of their oppressor.

We wish our author had more minutely described the cathedral of Milan; but such notice as he has given we shall quote. He says,—

'On Monday, October 14th, we examined the wonderful cathedral, in all its principal details; and ascended to the top of its high steeple, which is much too flimsy for its elevation, and for the general appearance of the church. It looks like a needle on a pin-cushion; and there is so little room for the winding staircase in it, that the ascent made me completely giddy. This building, when finished, will certainly be one of the most magnificent Gothic structures in the world; but the length of time that has already been required to bring it to its present state, has this very serious disadvantage in respect of general outward appearance,—that the marble of different half centuries is marked by different tints of age: so that uniformity of colour, which is, in my opinion, indispensable to the beauty of this style of architecture, is here altogether lost. The oldest parts of the fabric are brown, whilst the newest are of a snowy whiteness. It does not, however, strike one quite so disagreeably as the variously coloured stone of the University at Edinburgh, because there is here no variety of colour in the new materials; for the whole being of white marble, exhibits only different gradations of shade, according to its age. A great deal remains to be done; and no one can say when the last hand will be put to the work.'

The Lombards, we are told, are very like the English; there are, however, few very handsome women among them, and therefore, in this, our national pride induces us to say, they do not resemble us:—

'The females of the upper classes are extremely indolent, and seem to take little care of their beauty; but even in this very indifference to the setting off of their personal charms, there is something not unattractive. The females of the lower classes are, on the contrary, too giddy and volatile; they are passionately fond of dancing, and indulge in it with a violence of action, which to us appeared ridiculous, and even disgusting. I saw several women at one or two subscription balls whom I should really have set down as of the very worst description, if I had not been assured that they were the respectable wives and daughters of tradesmen. It is not unusual to see the young men dancing with each other, when there happens to be a scarcity of female partners,—so fond are the Milanese of this diversion. Nor do they less delight in music. There is hardly a street in Milan, where the sound of the guitar may not be heard, at any hour of the night.'

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At Brescia, Mr. G. was compensated for the want of female beauty at Milan:—

‘It is impossible to imagine a more beautiful race than the population of this city, and its neighbourhood. Raphael’s most sublime conceptions of ideal beauty fall short of the reality of the living specimens which engaged our highest admiration in Brescia, and on the road to Verona. I am persuaded that I saw a greater number of handsome women in that space, than I had seen in all Europe besides; and many of them were more exquisitely beautiful than any individuals I had ever met with. What peculiarly characterizes their style of beauty, is the commanding nobleness of their countenance, mingled with a degree of mildness and candour. Our post-boys could not conceive, why we made them stop so frequently, or why we chose to be driven so slowly. The more I think upon it, the greater is my surprise, that the art of painting should have fallen so low since the days of Raphael and his contemporaries. I had always imagined that the sublimest soarings of the genius of imitation were inspired by the presence of living beauty: but the young virgins, whom Raphael took for models of the mother of our Saviour, cannot have been nearly so handsome as several of those who attracted our admiration, (I had almost said our adoration,) in the north of Lombardy. Possibly, the living generation may be handsomer than any of its predecessors; and may yet excite the genius of painting to a higher degree of excellence than has hitherto been known.’

At Verona, our author visited that splendid monument of antiquity, the Roman amphitheatre, which is in an excellent state of preservation in the interior, but the outside has suffered much from the hand of time:—

‘The Arena itself, or the space set apart for the performances, is an oval, of about 250 feet in length, by 145 in breadth; it seems at first sight extremely small, the eye being deceived by the immense size of the theatre around it; and the first impression on the spectator’s mind is, that none but very simple games could be represented in it. But there was, in reality, room enough for any performance or combat whatsoever. Around the Arena are forty-five rows of seats, raised one above another, the circumference of the lowest of which may be about 233 paces, and that of the uppermost about 453 paces; so that, every successive row of seats has an extent of about five paces more than that which is below it. Allowing three spectators for every two paces, the amount of the whole would be 23,152. But as the two lower rows of seats are interrupted at each end by a grand entrance gate, over which there is a terrace or balcony, (serving either for the chief magistrates, or for the music, or for the herald, who explained what games were to take place,) the capacity of these rows is thus considerably diminished. I shall therefore take the whole number of places to be about 23,000. Our *laquais de place* assured us, that there were 85,000 spectators in it at one time, at an entertainment given, a few years ago, to the Pope! This is a trifling specimen of the degree of credit, which this sort of *cicerone* deserves; and it was this strange exaggeration that induced me to measure the space, and to calculate its capacity. Lalande reckons 22,500 places; and the *Notizia delle cose piu osservabili della Città di Verona*, says 23,484; so that my calculation cannot be very far from the truth. Whatever may be the attractive powers of a Pope, it is difficult to imagine that he could draw together 85,000 persons, in a town which has only 45,000 inhabitants.

‘The external length of the building is near five hundred feet, the breadth four hundred feet, and the circumference fourteen hundred and forty feet.’

As an admirer of Shakespeare, Mr. Galiffe visited the tomb of Juliet, which is a stone coffin in the garden of an ancient convent of Franciscan Friars:—

‘The convent was formerly blown up by an explosion of gunpowder, and the coffin was recognized (it is said) by the

hole made in it, for admitting air to the unfortunate bride. Incredulous people might perhaps mistake it for the basin of a fountain; but its shape and an excavation for the head, afford some ground for the speculation that it may have been a coffin; and if a coffin, why not Juliet’s? An English lady, who shall be nameless, and who had paid her devotions at this shrine some weeks before us, had taken it into her head to lay herself at full length in this tomb, like a monumental figure, with her hands piously crossed on her bosom. But it is dangerous to tempt the devil, and especially in a monastery. The romantic visitor had no sooner clasped her hands on her breast, than a sudden gust of wind so disarranged her undefended garments, as to cause no slight confusion to herself, and some scandal to half a dozen male and female friends who accompanied her.’

The town of Verona is one of the most picturesque in Europe, and presents an endless variety of prospects:—

‘The bridge of Verona is in point of architecture one of the most curious in Europe; the arch which joins it to the fortress has a span of one hundred and fifty-five feet, and is, I believe, with one exception, the widest stone arch in the world. The second arch is about ninety feet wide, the third and last seventy-five or seventy-six, and the whole length of the bridge is 380 feet. Though built so late as the year 1354, the name of the architect is not known. It has long been disused, but for no other reason that I could learn, than because it leads into the fortress. Three other smaller bridges are, however, quite sufficient for the intercourse between the two sides of the river.’

In passing from Padua to Venice in the barge, Mr. G. had, as is very usual, various travelling companions. A German merchant engrossed the whole conversation to himself, during the whole ten hours that the voyage lasted:—

‘The rest of the company consisted of a German baron; an Italian merchant and his wife; a travelling clerk, an exceedingly civil young man; an old woman dressed in the fashion of sixty years ago, with roses on her gown, of the size of a pumpkin; and two women from Trieste, who were returning from a pilgrimage to St. Anthony of Padua: the elder, wife to a barber; and the younger, who was very handsome, wife to a captain of a merchant ship. The young woman had just been discharging a vow made in a tempest; and she informed us, that her husband had lately sailed for America: whereupon the old lady observed, that America was extremely far off; for it was “a part” of the world; that there were four parts of the world, called America, Africa, “Uglop,” and Asia: that, as to herself, she had refused to marry a sea captain, because he was to go to “Inbilterra: here somebody observed that she probably meant Inghilterra, (England). “No, no,” cried she; “it is Inbilterra, a country that lies God knows how many miles from Padua.” The captain’s wife said she lived on a pension of forty Venetian Lire\* a month, and her aunt (the geographer) added, that she could therewith now and then afford to eat a little meat. Animal food seems to be considered as a luxury, which a person of that class cannot often indulge in; and *polenta* is pretty generally their most substantial food. This may seem a sad indication of misery to an English tradesman, who is used to enjoy meat, hot or cold, once a day at least.’

Before we conclude our notice of this work for the present week, we may observe *en passant*, that if Mr. Galiffe had not told us he was a native of Geneva, we should certainly have suspected him to be an Englishman, for he not only writes the language with correctness, but all his descriptive comparisons are in reference to English manners, and English customs.

(To be continued.)

\* ‘About 16s. 8d. English money.’



*A Treatise on the Violin, shewing how to ascertain the true Degree of Time by a peculiar Method of Bowing; exemplified by a Tune attached to each Degree: likewise the easiest way of Stopping correctly in Tune; with Directions for Shifting and Transposition, interspersed with entertaining Poetry and Anecdotes: in a Dialogue between a Master and his Pupil.* By John Paine. pp. 47. London, 1820.

WHEN a respectable member of the society of friends tendered his vote to one of the city candidates, he said, 'if thou wilt perform but one half of what thou dost promise, if my vote can render thee service, thou art welcome to it, friend;' and in the same language would we refer to Mr. Paine for the promising title of the above treatise. Notwithstanding several eminent musicians have written and published compilations to encourage the pupil to persevere in the attainment of the science of music, any well meant attempt calls for our thanks, though its pretensions are not of the highest order, and though it may treat but of one instrument, namely, the violin. By the method of dialogue, or question and answer, much instruction might be conveyed without its becoming irksome; and when good sense is combined with sound experience, the results must be beneficial. Charlotte Smith's 'Conversations,'—Mrs. Wakefield's 'Botanical and Entymological' works,—and Messrs. Pinnock and Maunder's Catechisms are of this description. Mr. Paine tells us in his preface, his reasons why he puts this work to the press in the shape of a dialogue; first, it is not always pleasant for the pupil to repeat his questions; neither does the master approve of forcing any trifling observations; secondly, it is often the case it may not be convenient to keep to one master, especially those in the naval or military service, or any one continually travelling; thirdly, it is a general question with those who have attained the age of maturity, whether it is practicable for them to learn, which causes a timidity as to sacrificing time and money, and only be rewarded by the mortification of its being beyond their reach.

In answer to the first, ask what question he will, he has always an answer given; to the second, in whatever part of the world he may be, he has always a fundamental system to refer to; to the third, those who have a desire to learn, by reading this book, may judge for themselves:—

'It has been a series of time before I could reconcile myself to publish this work, knowing there are hundreds possessing talents superior to mine; but I have found by experimental and practical observations, the necessity of introducing this work to the lovers of harmony, the violin in particular; and should the work be deserving the criticism and deference of some part of the public, I bend with humble submission, at the same time I crave their indulgence.'

When it is considered, that this work is not matured by a classic, the author throws himself upon the indulgence of an enlightened public, trusting his humble efforts will meet their approbation, as it is the result of many years' experience. As Mr. P. has thus bespoke our candour, and put himself under our care, we will not use him severely; but we are bound in our integrity to be just, and therefore, we cannot bestow praise either for the *correctness* of the preface, or the *elegance* of the dialogue, both of which are indifferently written.

The poetry, as it is called, if we except a stanza of Pope's not quoted, and an old song beginning,—

'When Orpheus went down to the regions below,'

And Congreve's—

'Music hath charms to sooth the savage breast,' is only *entertaining* for its peculiarly eccentric construction; for example,—

'Regard not how much you play, but how well.'

But to pass on to more agreeable music, we leave this for Mr. P.'s bow to soften, and show the novice how to hold his instrument:—

'Keep your elbow close to your side, and your arm elevated from the elbow to the wrist, so as to form a cradle for the neck of the violin, which is to lay in the hollow of the hand, between the first finger and thumb, and throw the hand in a position that all the fingers may cover the strings, and let the fingers be square, that the ends may fall firm on the strings. The bottom part of the violin is to rest on the collar bone, and turned a little inwards, so as to reach the fourth string with the bow.'

Should our juvenile readers wish to hold the bow gracefully also, we inform them that,—

'The command of the bow lies between the first finger and thumb, and partly the third finger, letting it have but its own weight on the strings. To bow correctly, you will find as much action in the fingers of the bow hand as the violin hand.'

Few persons travel through life, whether they may be musical or not, without finding flats and sharps, and naturals too; we therefore give an extract which is amusingly useful:—

'When I see an amateur purchasing a musical instrument at a pawnbroker's or sale shop, it reminds me of a *sharp* and a *flat*; for two to one, you pay double the value for it. In illustration of my argument, I will recite an anecdote: an acquaintance of mine purchased, as he imagined, a capital violin at a pawnbroker's, for which he paid thirty shillings, and, anxious to ascertain its value at a violin maker's, paid him five shillings for his judgment, when, to his astonishment, it was no more than a common Dutch fiddle, to be purchased at any music shop for fifteen shillings.'

The advice throughout the whole of the treatise is good; the examples are progressively and scientifically arranged to several simple and favourite airs; and we do not hesitate to say, that unskillful performers on the violin will be much improved by consulting it.

*An Italian and English Grammar, from Vergani's Italian and French Grammar; simplified in Twenty-four Lessons.* By M. Piranesi. Arranged in English and Italian, with Notes and Additions, calculated to facilitate the Study of the Italian Language. By M. Guicheney. 12mo. pp. 214. London, 1820.

ALTHOUGH it does not form any material part of our plan to notice school books, yet we think a spare corner will not be misapplied in recommending such as present claims to notice. The grammar of Vergani is well known to the French student of Italian, and many Englishmen have acquired a knowledge of the latter language from it. The adapting its use more generally to the English scholar, was, however, desirable, and we are happy to see it so well executed. It details the elements of the Italian language in a clear, brief, and yet excellent manner; and the selections are such as to render the student acquainted with the elegancies as well as the peculiarities of the language.



## Original Communications.

## VAMPIRES.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE LITERARY CHRONICLE.

SIR,—The public attention being again called to the superstition respecting the Vampire, by the production of a new melo-drama of that name at the English Opera House, I am induced to offer you a few observations on the subject. Neither the advantage of Scottish melodies, nor any other reason, was necessary for the author's transferring his scene from the east to the Highlands of Scotland, since the superstition was quite as prevalent in the north. That it originated in the east I think is more than probable; in Arabia, it had long been quite common, but it did not reach the Greeks until after the establishment of Christianity. On the division of the Latin and Greek churches, the superstition assumed its present form, the idea becoming prevalent, that a Latin body could not corrupt if buried in the territory of the Greeks; it gradually increased and formed the subject of many wonderful stories still extant, of the dead rising from their graves, and feeding upon the blood of the young and beautiful. The superstition, with very little variation, extended itself all over Austria, Hungary, Lorraine, and Poland, and even in Iceland it became quite prevalent\*. Walter Scott, in his translation of *Eyrbyggja Saga*, relates a traditionary story of several vampires, who committed dreadful ravages in Iceland, in the year 1000, so that, in a household of thirty servants, eighteen died. These vampires were not blood suckers†, but dispatched their victims by inflicting on them a contagious disease. At length, a singular means of getting rid of them was adopted, no less than that of instituting judicial proceedings against the spectres. The inhabitants were regularly summoned to attend upon the inquest, as in a cause between man and man; a tribunal was constituted with the usual legal solemnities,—charges were preferred against the individual spectres, accusing them of molesting the mansion, and introducing death among the inhabitants. All the solemn rites of judicial procedure were observed on this singular occasion; evidence was adduced, charges given, and the cause formally decided. It does not appear that the vampires put themselves on their defence, so that the sentence of ejection was pronounced against them individually, in due and legal form. Each of the spectres, as they heard their individual sentence, left the place, saying something that indicated their unwillingness to depart. The priest afterwards entered with holy water, and the celebration of a solemn mass followed; this completed the conquest over the goblins, which had been commenced by the power and authority of the Icelandic law.

In Dr. More's Antidote against Atheism, there are some curious accounts of vampires in more modern times;

\* There is little doubt of the superstition having once prevailed in this island, and it has been judiciously observed by a writer on this subject, as in the highest degree probable, that our custom of driving a stake through the body of a *felo-de-se*, has had its origin in the popular horror of the self-murderer; in the apprehension of his being a vampire, and in the design to prevent his body from leaving its unhallowed grave.

† The sucking of blood is only a particular feature of the general superstition concerning vampires; all vampires are not suckers of blood.

and, among others, one of a shoemaker, at Breslau, in Silesia, who committed suicide in the year 1591, but whose violent death was concealed by his family, and he had Christian burial. In about two months after his interment, it is stated that he appeared to several persons in his exact shape and habit, not only at night but at mid-day; 'those that were asleep it tempted with horrible visions: those that were waking it would strike, pull, or press, lying heavy upon them like an *ephialtes*, so that there were perpetual complaints every morning of their last night's rest, through the whole town.

For nearly eight months these proceedings continued, when the magistrates were determined to do something to put a period to them, though they did not, like the Icelanders, adopt a judicial process; they dug up his body, which was found entire, 'his joints limber and flexible as in those that are alive.' They kept his body out of earth six days, but the 'unquiet stirs' did not cease for all this; they then buried it under the gallows; but this did not do. At length they took up his body again, 'cut off the head, arms, and legs of the corpse, and opening his back, took out his heart, which was as fresh and entire as in a calf new killed; these, together with his body, they put on a pile of wood, and burnt them to ashes, which they, carefully sweeping together, and putting into a sack, (that none might get them for wicked uses,) poured them into the river, after which the *spectrum* was never seen more.\*

A still more recent, and scarcely less terrific story of vampires, is related in the Gentleman's Magazine, for 1732, as having then recently occurred, which, as it is not very long, I shall quote, as an instance of the superstition of the eighteenth century. It is as follows,—'From Medreyga, in Hungary, it is stated, that certain dead bodies, called vampires, had killed several persons by sucking out all their blood. The commander-in-chief and magistrates of the place were severally examined and unanimously declared, that about five years ago, a certain Heyduke, named Arnold Paul, in his life-time, was heard to say he had been tormented by a vampire, and that for a remedy, he had eaten some of the earth of the vampire's grave, and rubbed himself with its blood. That twenty or thirty days after the death of the said Arnold Paul, several persons complained they were tormented, and that he had taken the lives of four persons. To put a stop to such a calamity, the inhabitants having consulted their Hadnagi, took up his body forty days after he had been dead, and found it fresh and free from corruption; that he bled at the nose, mouth, and ears, pure florid blood; that his shroud and winding sheet were all over blood; and that his finger and toe nails were fallen off, and new ones grown in their room. By these circumstances they were persuaded he was a vampire, and, according to custom, drove a stake through his heart, at which he gave a horrid groan. They burnt his body to ashes, and threw them into his grave. It was added, that those who have been tormented or killed by the vampires, become vampires when they are dead; upon which account they served several dead bodies so.'

This is the latest account of vampires that I have met with, and although I am well aware that a good deal of superstition still exists in the world, yet I hope one so gross and monstrous as that respecting vampires, will be speedily consigned to eternal oblivion; or, at least, con-

\* More's Antidote to Atheism, p. 112.



finer to the theatre, where we can get rid of them at any moment, by dropping them through a trap door on the stage, in the style of the English Opera.

Bermondsey. I am, your's, &c. J. E.

[FOR THE LITERARY CHRONICLE.]

### THE FALLS OF THE PASSAIC.

AT Patterson, in the state of New Jersey, and about twenty miles distant from New York, are the beautiful and romantic Falls of the Passaic.

The falls, which are at a short distance from the village, are from seventy to ninety feet high, and are seen in many places with great effect; but the best is from the top of the rock on the opposite side, as it discloses to the view of the spectator, the river which supplies the fall, winding in a serpentine direction, the banks covered with trees of the most luxuriant foliage, in which nature seems to have blended all her varieties; the blue distance rising in mountains of majestic forms, whilst the rich foreground, with the immense body of water, rushing over the fall into the abyss below, till it gently rolls along the silent vale, tends to form a scene inexpressibly grand and beautiful.

The face of the country, from New York to the village of Patterson, is generally very picturesque and well cultivated. The road lies principally along the banks of the river, which is very romantic and well shaded with trees, and, in the summer months, is a great relief to the traveller from the scorching heat of the sun. H. E. W.

### THE DEATH OF MARSHAL BRUNE.

AFTER Marshal Brune had submitted to the royal government, he resigned the command of Marseilles, and of the 8th military division, about the end of July, 1815, to the Marquis de Riviere, the present ambassador of France to the sublime Ottoman Porte, who furnished him with passports to return to Paris. A certain presentiment, which men of high spirit are often too proud to follow, determined the marshal to embark at Toulon for some port of Bretagne, and thence to proceed to the capital. His effects had already been conveyed on board, as well as those of M. Bedos, the chief of his staff. False shame, and the fear lest he should be thought to betray some weakness by those who urged him to travel by land, and who described the road as perfectly safe, induced the marshal to change his mind. Escorted by a squadron of horse, he pursued his way through Provence, followed by his aid-de-camps. M. Bedos embarked according to the original plan, and the sequel but too well justified his caution.

On reaching the Durance, the marshal, impelled by a kind of fatality, dismissed his escort. On Tuesday, the 2d of August, 1815, about ten in the morning, he arrived at Avignon, never to leave it again alive. He alighted at the Palace Royal Hotel, where he and his aid-de-camps breakfasted in a room by themselves. One hour, one unfortunate hour, had elapsed. The marshal was just going to remount his carriage, when he was recognized; a soldier, standing with some other persons at the door of a coffee-house on the opposite side of the street, mentioned his name. The appearance of the veteran officer excited among the spectators a respectful curiosity, which was converted by a word into a very different feeling. A

wretch, who joined the populace assembled round the carriage, exclaimed, 'Admire the murderer of the Princess Lamballe!'

At these words, legions of banditti seemed to spring up, as if by enchantment. Confused cries were heard. The carriage proceeded, but was detained at the gate, where a post of the national guard assumed an air of no small importance at having to examine the passport of a Marshal of France. The officer on duty insisted that this passport, which was wholly in the hand-writing of the Marquis de Riviere, ought to be submitted to the inspection of Major Lambot, the provisional commandant of the department of Vaucluse. Every moment's delay augmented the danger; an infuriated multitude obstructed the way; a shower of stones was thrown at the carriage, which had already passed the gate, when some of the maddened mob seized the reins, and conducted the marshal back to the hotel which he had just quitted, the doors of which were immediately closed.

The dauntless soldier endeavoured to cheer his aid-de-camps, who trembled for his safety alone; they were parted from him, and he was kept by himself in a room, where, with the firmness of a hero, he awaited the catastrophe which he foresaw. The inhabitants of the whole city were assembled before the house: the atrocious calumny first broached in the infamous publication of Lewis Goldsmith, passed from mouth to mouth. Persons, whose names are known, were seen running about among the populace, repeating and commenting upon the slanderous report. A cry was soon raised, demanding the death of the veteran, whose blood had so often flowed for France, though it is but justice to observe, that some of the officers of the national guard exerted themselves to the utmost to prevent violence.

In the first moments of the uproar, the marshal wrote a note in the following terms to the Austrian general, Nugent, who was then at Aix:—'You know our engagements; I am a prisoner at Avignon, and trust that you will hasten to release me.' What became of this note is not known.

M. de Saint Chamans, the new Prefect of Vaucluse, had arrived in the preceding night, and was, *incognito*, at the same hotel. Roused by the tremendous noise, he rose, and showed himself to the people. His authority was not recognized, and one of the ringleaders of the tumult had even the effrontery to declare that he was not invested with the functions of prefect. The *generale* was beaten; the mayor, the worthy and spirited M. Puy, assisted by a company of the national guard and some *gens-d'armes*, repulsed the furious populace for a moment; he went to the marshal, and sought in vain to favour his flight. He again addressed the rabble, but the latter endeavoured to force their way through the national guard, who opposed the most determined resistance. The mayor at their head, cried out to the rioters, 'Wretches! it is only over my lifeless body that ye can reach the marshal!' and placed himself in the midst of the bayonets, by which the door of the house was defended.

In the mean time, others of the banditti scaled the walls in the rear, and penetrated into the hotel. The marshal heard them approaching, and desired the sentinels before his door to return him his arms; they were denied him, and in vain he offered one of the soldiers a purse of gold for his musket. Some of the assassins forcibly entered the apartment. The marshal, who was standing before

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the fire-place, uncovered his breast, without uttering a word. A voice repeated in his presence the calumnious accusation, which served as a pretext for the rage of the depraved populace. 'My blood has flowed for my country,' replied he, to his executioners; 'I have grown old under the banners of honour. I was sixty leagues from Paris when the crime of which I am accused was perpetrated.'—'You must die,' cried one of the villains, interrupting him.—'I have learned to brave death,' replied the general, 'and would fain spare you a crime; give me arms, and allow me five minutes to make my will.'—'Death!' shouted the murderer, discharging a pistol at him; the ball grazed his forehead, and tore off a lock of hair. The undaunted Brune folded his arms, and awaited the second shot. The pistol hung fire. 'You have missed,' said another of the assassins, 'make room, 'tis my turn now;' and, with a carbine, the wretch extended on the floor a warrior, whom glory had accompanied in twenty battles, and crowned with the laurels of Mincio, Verona, and Tavernelle.

It was two o'clock. The murderers burst into the apartment and plundered the effects of their victim; they found, among other things, a sabre of great value, which the grand signor had presented to the marshal. After the completion of the bloody deed, one of the murderers appeared in the balcony, adorned with the white feathers from the general's hat. The savages under the window set up a hideous shout, and demanded that the body should be thrown down to them.—The corpse was, nevertheless, placed upon a bier, and carried towards the church-yard; but the fury of the mob was not yet appeased; twenty paces from the hotel, they seized the body, and dragged it by the heels, with beat of a drum, to the ninth arch of the bridge, where they threw it into the Rhone, having first horribly mangled it with all kinds of weapons. The general's aid-de-camps were withdrawn by the master of the hotel and another person from the rage of the populace, and they were kept concealed for several days till they could leave the town in safety.

All the horrors of this infernal deed are not yet related. Females, not belonging to the lowest class, danced the *farandola* in the public square, that was yet stained with blood; and a being in human shape composed a song of triumph in the popular style, in the midst of these Mæge-ras. It is said that a *proces-verbal* was drawn up, attesting that Marshal Brune committed suicide. If one of the principal actors in this atrocious scene were not yet bidding defiance to justice, we might almost believe that Providence itself had undertaken to punish them; for the first instigator of the crime expired a few days afterwards, in the most agonizing tortures of remorse and despair.

The Rhone carried the corpse of the hero to a spot between Tarascon and Arles, and there threw it upon the sandy shore; but such was the terror which the murderers of Avignon had spread around, that no one durst consign the mutilated body to the earth. For several days it was left a prey to ravens, till at length humane persons removed it by night, and covered it with quick-lime. A citizen, who had taken a long and dangerous journey to rescue the mangled remains of a general of the old French army from the birds of prey, collected them with religious care, and returned to Paris to deliver to his family the mournful present.—*New Monthly Magazine.*

## Original Poetry.

## LINES,

*Suggested by the Demise of the late Duchess of York.*

HIGH on the celestial plains,  
There's a throne of eternal repose  
For the spirit that worthily gains  
Her seat from Mortality's woes;  
There is music unceasingly sweet,  
From voices and instruments sounding;  
There are glances and kisses that meet,  
To the love of their Maker redounding  
Their robes are as spotless as snow,  
Their crowns are as radiant as gold,  
Their garlands of flowers that blow,  
And their wings light and lovely to fold;—  
Their banners by innocence wrought,  
Truth, glory, and beauty unite them,  
Peace nurtures and sweetens their thought,  
And love, praise, and fancy delight them.  
Fair York!—thou art flown to that rest,  
Thou art safe from the pangs of our throne;  
Dear York!—thou art gone to the blest,  
Who on earth for their virtues have shone.  
We sigh,—but we mourn not in woe,  
For the dead are survivors of breath,  
And monarchs like peasants must go  
Through the valley and shadow of death.

August 11, 1820.

J. R. P.

## TO S—.

Do not that tender sigh repress,  
If chance it heave for me;  
Quickly proclaim my happiness,  
If blest with love and *thee*!

No longer hesitate to give  
My heart its liberty;  
It asks for freedom;—but to live  
Alone to love and *thee*!

Then should our joys in union twine,  
None shall be half so free;  
Existing on the hallowed shrine,  
Sacred to love and *thee*!

L.

## EPIGRAM.

WHY do we meet so often as we do,  
Our *bloods of fashion* walking *two and two*?  
A line from Shakspeare 'll make it understood,  
For he says somewhere that '*blood* will have *blood*.'

QUERY QUIBBLE.

## To —

THE dews of night are on the leaves,  
The light breeze flits in murmurs by,  
The closing flow'r its breath receives,  
As man a lovely woman's sigh.  
The sun hath laid him down in rest,  
The moon hath left the ocean's breast,  
Love's star appears above the hills,  
The bird of night her love-song trills,—  
While I with heart as light and free,  
Attune the lovely lay to thee.



Young bud of gentleness, for whom  
 This strain of gladness I resume,  
 Awaking feelings cherish'd long,  
 In silence, listen to my song.  
 And if my lay in thee, dear maid,  
 Awake one tender thought of me,  
 I'll ask no sister muse's aid,  
 Enough to be inspir'd by thee,—  
 Enough, if I awake the strain,  
 To know it has not been in vain.

Light of my heart, we have seen much  
 Of happiness; but not without  
 Our share of grief; yet life is such,  
 'Tis so with all, but did the doubt  
 Of dark suspicion e'er intrude,  
 E'en in our loneliest—saddest mood.  
 No; on each other we relied,  
 And both our hearts in fondness vied;  
 But that has past, the days are gone,  
 Whose memory's sweet to dwell upon.

The days are gone, but we are yet  
 Unchang'd, albeit times are so;  
 Life passes, love does not forget  
 The being who hath made it glow.  
 We meet as we were wont to meet,—  
 We part as we were wont to part,—  
 We love as fond as e'er; 'tis sweet  
 To think of this when sad in heart.  
 Oh, dear the lone, the cherish'd thought,  
 That time no change in us hath wrought.

I know not if it be thy form,  
 Or if it be thy blooming cheek;  
 Or if it be thy lip so warm,  
 So soft to press; thy voice so meek,  
 That spreadeth gladness to my breast,  
 And hushes ev'ry care to rest,  
 Awaking thoughts of happiness;  
 But something in me bids confess,  
 All this is much, but 'tis thy heart  
 That bids me love thee as thou art.

That heart, of more than earthly mould,  
 In love the counterpart of mine;  
 That beauteous flow'r, whose every fold  
 Contains a sweet; that sainted shrine,  
 At which I pour my off'rings free;  
 That pure and sacred sanctuary,  
 Where my soul dwelleth, bids me feel,  
 More than speech gives me to reveal,  
 Which, when it found me comfortless,  
 Open'd my drooping heart to bless.

Oh, may it ever beat as now  
 It beats,—may mine the same remain  
 And feel, when age has robb'd the brow  
 Of light, and blanch'd the cheek,—'tis vain  
 Our hearts to change, our minds to move.  
 Ah, may we to each other prove,  
 As prov'd the lovely pair of old,  
 That when our dust in earth is cold,  
 Those who shall walk our grave above,  
 May say—they lov'd as few can love.

SAM SPRITSAIL.

### Fine Arts.

#### BOW CHURCH.

THE steeple of this church has been always esteemed as the spiral master piece of Sir Christopher Wren,—perfectly symmetrical, yet combining all the five orders of architecture; and the steeple has been a kind of model for

detached parts of the metropolitan church-spires. In regular succession, from the ground to the summit of this lofty steeple, which is about 260 feet high, are exhibited the *Tuscan*, the *Doric*, the *Ionic*, the *Corinthian*, and the *Composite*. The beautiful and perfect steeple forms a singular contrast to the recently erected pigmy elevations, (a term almost too favourable,) or petty turrets, which meanly rear their insignificant heads in the environs of the metropolis,—such as Mary-le-bone, St. Mary Newington, Hackney, and Shadwell churches, the latter of which resembles the Moorfields riding school, more than a handsome parochial edifice; and if the present unworthy plan be continued in the erection of the new churches, farewell to the noble fabrics prescribed to us by our revered forefathers! The temples of the ancients were grand and capacious, and we know not why the ecclesiastical erections of modern times should be unworthy of the holy purposes to which they are devoted.

About half way up the spire of Bow Church, there is a good revolving stone staircase, in a perfect state; and the ascent of the upper part is formed of oaken stairs, which being in an imperfect state, are under repair. There is a very excellent view of London, Middlesex, Surrey, and Kent, from outside the spire,—the best view in London, perhaps, excepting St. Paul's Cathedral and the Monument, which is 50 feet lower than Bow Church. The ascent of this spire is an excellent aerial excursion.

In consequence of the imperfect and dangerous state of part of the stone-work of the old spire, it was about two years ago judged expedient to remove it and erect a new one, in exact conformity with the old one, in height, size, and form; but substituting for freestone, of which the old spire was built, Scotch red granite, which, although not so hard as Yorkshire stone, which it has been discovered by experiment is the strongest of all stones, yet is composed of separate and very large concretions, rudely and strongly compacted together, and is more durable than Cornish granite, and much more lasting than freestone or Bath lias; for that purpose a committee was appointed. The execution of the work, although the carvings of the capitals are not equal, as we think, to the old erection, confers credit upon the architects employed, and certainly has not been performed in a manner dishonourable to the memory of the original constructor, Sir Christopher Wren. The top of the obelisk or summit of the old spire was, of olden time, internally filled up with old rubbish, which generated or caused damp; but that part of the building is now perfectly free from such matter, and in the place of old rubbish, are many strong connecting wrought-iron bars, which greatly protect the summit of this admirable parochial edifice, and have a singular complicated appearance from the top of the staircase. The old materials were taken down in a creditable manner, and in the restoration of this excellent spire, only one accident has occurred, which was that of a man having fallen from the top-scaffolding into the oval, who was instantaneously killed. The oval-scaffolding was ingeniously constructed to prevent accidents to the street passengers. The greater part of the stone-work having been prepared last spring, the restoration of the spire was commenced on the 26th of April last, on the first column in the upper peristyle being set; and the last course of masonry, terminating the obelisk, or summit of the spire, was set on the 8th July last. The dragon crowning the summit of the spire having been cleaned and regilt, was restored to its old station, on the 11th July last.

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It was raised from the ground by a pulley of rope, with a man standing just above it on a plank, perfectly fearless and apparently careless of any hazard attending his adventurous enterprise. The dragon is eight feet ten inches in length, its forked tongue being eight inches long; the ears should have been altered before they were replaced, as they are of an ugly conical form; the image of the dragon weighs 160lbs. and mounted upon its pre-eminent station above the gilded pedestal, globe, and spiral cone, is about eleven feet above the masonry. One of the columns in the large circular range of the spire was bound with iron hoops in consequence of its being cracked in several places; we think that it would be most safe and prudent to substitute a fresh column. The iron bars connecting the different columns in the same range are also much worn by time; the lower parts of the spire have not been touched, but we presume that the committee intends to renovate the lower stone work of the spire, to correspond better with the upper parts.

\*. \*. T.

### The Drama.

**DRURY LANE.**—This theatre opened on Tuesday night, for the last performances of Mr. Kean previous to his 'positive departure for America.' The admirers of this powerful and able delineator of nature, will not suffer the opportunity to escape them of seeing him in his principal characters once more before the long separation takes place; and, therefore, we were prepared to expect a crowded audience. The character selected was that with which he has so intimately identified himself,—the Duke of Gloucester, in *Richard the Third*, and which he played with even more than his usual spirit. It appeared as if he was determined to show the public the extent of the loss it will feel in his absence. The part of Richmond was sustained by Junius Brutus Booth, an actor of more talent than discretion, who, imitating, had once the presumption to rival Mr. Kean, and now serves as an excellent foil to exhibit his superiority.

**HAYMARKET THEATRE.**—A new comedy in three acts, called *Exchange no Robbery, or the Diamond Ring*, was produced at this theatre on Saturday night. The following is a sketch of the plot:—Sir Christopher Cranberry (Terry) has married in early life below his rank, and being compelled to conceal it from his relations, is led to entrust an only son, the offspring of that marriage, to the care of Simon Swipes, (Williams) an innkeeper, and formerly butler in the family, during a residence of more than twenty years in India. The boy, being of an active disposition, elopes, when quite young, from his keeper, and nothing more being heard of him, is concluded to have perished. Swipes, however, still continues to receive a handsome allowance remitted from India, for his maintenance, and conceals the boy's elopement. Sir Christopher Cranberry at length returns to his native country, when the innkeeper, by the advice of his wife, and dreading the consequences of a discovery, imposes his own son, Sam Swipes, (Liston) upon him for the child he had left. The vulgar manners of this youth fill Sir Christopher with disgust, though he has no suspicion of the deception that has been practised. A quarrel between the innkeeper and his wife, who is detected in an intrigue with Lamotte, (Farley) French valet to Sir Christopher, at length reveals the trick, and the Nabob discovers his own son in Captain Littleworth,

(Barnard) the commander of the ship of war which had brought him from India, and he bestows on him the hand of Charlotte Melrose, (Miss Leigh) a rich heiress, and his ward, between whom and the captain an attachment had been formed on the voyage. Sir Lennox Leinster (Connor) is a passenger in the same ship, and an admirer of Lady Cranberry (Mrs. Mardyn.) The prosecution of his designs against her, which, in the conclusion, are detected and exposed, form the underplot of the comedy.

This comedy, which is said to be from the ingenious pen of Mr. Theodore Hook, though inferior to some of that gentleman's former productions, possesses considerable merit; the dialogue is neat and pointed, and not without some specimens of sterling wit. The chief character, which is played by Liston, is by no means original in the conception, but the actor made it original in the felicitous manner in which he portrayed it. Sir Christopher is an amusing mixture of spleen and benevolence, which was admirably personified by Terry. The female characters were excessively insipid: and that of Sir Lennox, an Irish baronet, most feebly drawn. What are we to think of an Irishman reasoning and sentimentalizing, and perpetually annoying every one he meets with a silly cant phrase,—'You will excuse my being figurative.' Williams, as the innkeeper, and Mrs. Gibbs, as his wife, exhibited a good delineation of low cunning and vulgar coquetry. Barnard enacted what was 'set down' for him with his usual discrimination; and there are few actors more attentive to the text of the author, or the business of the scene, than this gentleman. Connor would have been a good Irishman, if the author had permitted him. The comedy, though not eminently successful, nor deserving to be so, has been repeated every night.

We cannot omit noticing a very silly puff in the playbills of this house, which announce that it is the last season of performance at this theatre. We always thought the attractions of the 'little theatre in the Haymarket' were the excellent pieces it produced, the merits of the performers, and the judicious management by which the whole was directed, and not the inconvenient manner in which the house was constructed; since, in this respect, it is the worst theatre in town.

**ENGLISH OPERA HOUSE.**—The new melo-drama of *The Vampire* has not lost any of its attractions, although it has been played every night since it was first produced, to crowded houses. The powerful acting of Mr. T. P. Cooke no doubt contributes much to the success of this piece. The agitation of his manner, the wild uncertainty which flashes in his eye as he fluctuates between the hope and fear of whether he shall obtain the object on which his dreadful existence depends, or sink into nothingness; and his distraction and dismay in the concluding scene, when his last hope fails, and his fate rushes on him; are among the finest efforts of melo-dramatic acting.

**SURREY THEATRE.**—Although nothing new has been produced at this house during the past week, yet it has preferred large claims to public patronage, and has been honoured with its reward. While we can witness such pieces as *The Heart of Midlothian*, *Old Mortality*, *The Abbot of San Martino*, (the principal character of which is most ably sustained by Mr. Huntley,) and *Ivanhoe*, we do not feel very anxious for novelties, especially as they come on us with sufficient rapidity at this theatre, to prevent our being at all wearied with any one piece. The admirable burlesque of *Harlequin Hoax* still draws large houses. Miss



Copeland, as a French minstrel, deservedly elicits the most unbounded applause.

**COBURG THEATRE.**—Mr. Moncrieff's long-announced piece, *Giovanni in the Country*, has been produced; it is in the same burlesque style as his *Giovanni in London*, to which it forms a sequel. Several of the scenes are excessively ludicrous, and the parodies generally good.

### Literary and Scientific Intelligence.

**Method of Preserving Vessels.**—An American ship now at Cowes, built with spruce and white oak, sixteen years ago, has all her original timbers and planks in the most perfect state of preservation and soundness, owing to her having been, while on the stocks, filled up between the timbers with salt; and whenever she has been opened for examination, filled up again.

**Dr Laennec**, of Paris, has invented a machine for investigating diseases in the organs of the chest. It is a cylinder, about a foot long, and one and-a-half inch in diameter, pierced lengthwise by a hole three eighths of an inch wide, and widened at one end in the form of a funnel, the whole diameter of the cylinder. It acts partly as a prolongation of the external ear, partly by magnifying the sounds within the chest; and is well calculated to improve the knowledge of several important and obscure disorders.

**Education.**—Having adopted the Madras or Lancasterian system of education, from India, it will not appear a little singular that the system should be abandoned there to adopt that of Mr. Dufief, as appears by the following extract from the Report of the Committee of the Calcutta School-Book Society, read at the first annual general meeting of the subscribers, held at the Town-hall of that city:—'Your committee has, in conclusion, to advert to a very remarkable work, which has strongly attracted their attention, entitled, "Nature Displayed, in her Mode of teaching Language to Man, adapted to the French," &c. by Mr. N. G. Dufief. The truths of most importance to mankind, commonly lie long dormant, acknowledged indeed, but not duly prized; till some one, gifted with common sense and sagacity surpassing those of his contemporaries, points out to the world their momentous practical uses and corollaries. Mr. Dufief has himself observed, what is indeed sufficiently obvious, that his manner of teaching a language is not suited to the case of the French only. It is for this institution steadily to keep the principle in view, and seize opportunities as they occur, of applying it to all the languages within its sphere of operation and usefulness. Your committee, in adverting to the uncommon merit of the work, and considering its dissemination as calculated to produce just ideas on the subject of school-books, and as furnishing an admirable model for the preparation of many, have encouraged a proposed republication in Calcutta, by subscribing for seventy copies,' &c.

### The Bee.

*Floriferis ut apes in saltibus omnia limant,  
Omnia nos itidem depascimur aurea dicta!*

LUCRETIUS.

### Modesty.

Parent of every pure delight,  
Without thee beauty's warmest bloom  
Presents but mockery to the sight,  
The gay interior of a tomb.

**Punishment for Poisoning.**—In the reign of Henry VIII. Rouse, the Bishop of Rochester's cook, poisoned seventeen people; in consequence of which, poisoning was made treason, and the punishment *boiling to death*.

An English translator turned *Dieu défend l'adultère*, into 'God defends adultery.'

*Two questions answered by two ladies at a ball, versified.*—

Say, charming Charlotte, (for there's not a beau  
In this select assembly, but you know,)  
Have you seen B—— of uncommon fame?  
'Not seen, but smelt, and that is much the same.'

### Encore.

Dear Lucy say, if I should B—— see,  
By what sure token shall I know 'tis he?  
'Consult your smell (she answered), for the nose  
Can best discern him in a crowd of beaus.'

**Order of the Horse Shoe**—In the year 1788, a horse-shoe, presented by the Duke of York, was put up in the castle at Oakham, in the county of Rutland.—Its height is six feet—its width four feet and a half—the plate eight inches broad—elegant and superbly gilt with a splendid and beautiful border—at the point, a crown, richly ornamented with gold spangles. The order of the horse-shoe originated with Queen Elizabeth, who, on passing through Oakham and Winchelsea, at Burley-on-the Hill, was detained for some time by one of her horses having lost his shoe. The Queen, on this occasion, by way of commemorating the accident, granted a charter to the town, with this clause:—'That every peer of the realm, who passed through Oakham for the first time, should give a horse-shoe to nail upon the castle gate; and if he refused, the bailiff of the manor to have power to take a shoe from one of the horses.' This is now termed the 'Order of the Horse-shoe,' and the donor generally presents a large one, on which his name is gilt. Formerly, plain iron shoes were given, but now none but gilt ones are admitted, which are placed over the judges' seat in the castle. Many are very curious; but his royal highness's eclipses the collection, and has gained him the distinguished appellation of Sovereign of the Order of the Horse-shoe.

**Bon Mot.**—Mr. W. being at Bath, came to the Spa one morning after the pump had been drained quite dry. He was very angry, and exclaimed, 'this is a joke indeed!' 'What kind of a joke is it?' said Lord M. 'Why, a very dry joke,' replied the other.

**BRITISH GALLERY, PALL MALL.**—This Gallery, with an exhibition of Portraits of Distinguished Persons in the History and Literature of the United Kingdom, is open daily from ten in the morning until six in the evening. And will be closed in the ensuing week.—Admission, 1s.—Catalogue, 1s.—Historical ditto, 2s.

By order, JOHN YOUNG, Keeper.

### TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

A Critique on the British Gallery, and 'Infallible rules to become a Poet,' in our next.

The favours of J. R. P., L., Y. F., Sam Spritsail, and \*\* M., have been received, and shall have early insertion.

Phusela's Verses are inadmissible.

**Errata** in our last; p. 525, 1st col. 5th line, for 'societatum,' read 'socratatum'; 2d col. 12th line from bottom, for 'elaias,' read 'easily'; 12th line, for 'holdsy, n,' read 'holds an'; p. 526, 1st col. 25th line from bottom, for 'thrown,' read 'shown'; 2d col. 12th line from bottom, for 'clear,' read 'clever.'

**LONDON:**—Published by J. LIMBIRD, 355, Strand, two doors EAST of Exeter 'Change; where advertisements are received, and communications 'for the Editor' (post paid) are to be addressed. Sold also by SOUTER, 73, St. Paul's Church Yard; CHAPPLE, Pall Mall; GRAPEL, Liverpool; and by all Booksellers and Newsvenders in the United Kingdom. Printed by DAVIDSON, Old Boswell Court, Carey Street.